



"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

GETTING OUT THE GRAIN.

The farmers of Maine have had singular fortune this year in regard to their grain crops. They have raised a good crop but had a poor harvest. By the grain, however, good or bad, it is necessary that it should be threshed and cleaned in order to save what there is.¹⁴ Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost, is an injunction as valuable to farming as in anything else whatever. We have been reminded of this by noting the call in our neighborhood, (Winthrop,) for threshing machines or horse powers and separators, as they are called.

We believe Winthrop is the only locality where these machines are now made in this State.

In addition to Mr. Whitman's establishment, noticed by us a few weeks ago, there is another, that of Messrs. Benjamin & Co., who have a large manufactory near the depot, the machinery of which is propelled by steam.

The Messrs. Benjamin are principally engaged in the making of Pitt's Horse Powers and Separators. These were the first inventions for threshing and cleansing grain at one operation, and have been instrumental in bringing about a great revolution in the business of getting out and cleaning up grain. The old-fair is now no longer heard on our threshing floors, nor is the hand winnowing mill very often now found on the farmer's premises.

The Horse Power that threshes the grain also winnows it from the chaff, and separates for the whole size, (it being the size of the common telegraph wire,) and the mesh of six inches, who believes that cattle or horses would ever attempt to get through!

I had set the posts twelve feet apart, with a good board at the bottom, and seven strands of wire, instead of five, I believe it would have been as good a fence as I have on my farm, for the purpose for which it was intended, and would have made a good substantial road fence.

Sent to Boston, recently, for a circular from Jas. E. Butts, Jr., & Co., manufacturers of wire fence, and if I am not deceived, the largest fence, with six inch mesh, and four lateral wires, will make a good and substantial fence as any farmer needs; and if he will keep it well protected by paint or varnish, I do not see why it will not last an age.

I shall certainly try it the first time I have occasion to make new fence, and shall not hesitate to recommend it to others.

Very strongly suspect friend Walker tried some of the fancy fence; if so, I think he ought to have stated that fact, that others may avoid a fence of slender wire that will not resist a strong pressure.

J. G. LIVINGSTON.

Lewis, Essex Co., N. Y., Aug. 8, 1856.

For the Maine Farmer.

Mr. EDITOR:—I have this moment read an article in your paper, from the pen of James Walker, in which he pronounces wire fence as a "vapor," "not even an apology for a fence," &c.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have not tried the net wire fence, but in the Spring of 1853, I made 20 rods of wire fence on one side of a lane. I set my posts 20 feet apart, and stretched my top wire 44 feet from the ground; the next one 12 inches below, the next 11 inches above, and the next 9—leaving the lower wire about one foot from the ground. Thus, you see, I have a very slender and unsatisfactory looking fence; yet, for the three years this fence has stood there, not a strand has ever been broken, and in only a few instances has anything got through it.

I have one calf that learned to creep through, and I have a good-sized yearling horse colt, which, in attempting to get through, got hung fast, and when I found him was badly scraped, evidently having been there some time; and as his forward parts were entirely suspended on the wire, that strand was considerably loosened. Now, I am firm in the belief that if I had put seven strands, instead of five, nothing of horse or cattle kind would ever have attempted to get through.

I have kept my cattle and horses for the whole time since I made the fence, in the field adjoining, and nothing but this fence to keep them from the lane, and from thence into another field where I have had grain each year; and yet, I have never had a shilling's damage done by anything getting through.

Now, if this had been net wire of the same size, (it being the size of the common telegraph wire,) and the mesh of six inches, who believes that cattle or horses would ever attempt to get through!

I had set the posts twelve feet apart, with a good board at the bottom, and seven strands of wire, instead of five, I believe it would have been as good a fence as I have on my farm, for the purpose for which it was intended, and would have made a good substantial road fence.

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J. G. LIVINGSTON.

Lewis, Essex Co., N. Y., Aug. 8, 1856.

For the Maine Farmer.

ORNAMENTAL TREES.—MANURE.

Mr. EDITOR:—Will you inform me through the Farmer, the best time and method of setting out ornamental trees, and what kind is the best?

Also, the best way to leave manure that is

had been applied to the turnips?

A READER.

Etina, Aug. 22, 1856.

For the Maine Farmer.

PRESERVING FRUIT IN AIR-TIGHT CANS.

The business of preserving fruit, meats, &c., in

air-tight cans, suitable for transportation,

has become one of considerable importance within a few years, particularly since the existence of a

large demand from California for these articles.

As showing the extent to which this business is

carried, it may be stated that one concern here

had an order from Boston, last month, for 12,000

cans of peaches, and another for 7,000 cans of

huckleberries. The common method has been,

to heat the various substances to be preserved,

to a high degree of temperature, and place them

in cans, relying on the condensation of the va-

pors enclosed, for a partial vacuum; but the

effect has been to impair the flavor of the con-

tents in some degree.

A valuable improvement on this process, termed

Green's Patent, has been introduced in this city

by parties from Cincinnati, by which fruit in

its natural condition is sealed under a perfect

vacuum, in such a manner that it may be pre-

served any desired length of time; and the

same is true of butter, meats, and other sub-

stances. The apparatus consists of a strong

iron receiver, furnished with glass lights, and

connected with an air pump capable of produc-

ing a vacuum of 15 pounds to the inch. This

pressure is regulated at will by a barometer.

The fruit, or other substance to be preserved,

is first placed in cans made air-tight with the ex-

ception of a small perforation having solder

metal placed around it. Several of these cans

are then put in the receiver and the apertures

aforementioned are closed with great facility, by

means of a heated iron worked from without

through the top of the receiver, by a universal

ball joint. To render the exclusion of air from

the can more complete, heat is introduced into

the receiver by a small pipe, and can be main-

tained at as high a temperature as 300 deg.

but from 72 deg. to 80 deg. (equal to 212 deg.

or boiling heat, without the vacuum) is the

temperature ordinarily preferred. In this way,

the gases contained in the meats, fruits, &c.,

are released and expelled. The same process

can be employed in mixing chemicals, casting

metals, &c., and may be of great value in these

departments. The hardness of metals, as well

known, depends on the rapidity with which they

are reduced from a hot to a cold state. The

more suddenly they are cooled, the more brittle

they become. In making bells, for instance,

this master is of great importance; and we

are informed of a celebrated bell manufacturer

who has spent several thousand dollars in ex-

periments of this nature. In the apparatus

here spoken of, the soldering iron will remain

sufficiently hot to melt solder 1-2 hours. The

state of the temperature within the receiver is

indicated by a thermometer.

For the Maine Farmer.

BOATS IN HORSES.

Mr. EDITOR:—I have just read in your pa-

per of July 17th, an article on boats in horses; and although I am not a V. S., I am not pre-

pared to agree with the writer of that article, S. M. Burnham, in every respect.

A few years ago one of my neighbors had a

small horse, and I was called, with some others,

to assist in giving him some remedies. After

two days and nights of great suffering, the horse

died.

I had much curiosity to make an examination,

and together with several others did so.

After opening the animal in a proper manner,

we proceeded to open the stomach. In it we

found a very large quantity of the grub,

or larva of the bot fly—not less than a quart!

to all appearance.

A large number of these were still adhering

to the stomach, although they had eaten through

all the inner linings of the stomach, which was

itself much inflamed. After ascertaining the

state of the stomach, we removed it, and in so

doing, we found several of the grub that had

eaten entirely through the stomach, and were

still adhering to the liver. And that they

did eat through, we proved to a demonstration,

by finding the exact place and examining the

hole.

Now, if the bots did not kill this animal,

what did?

J. G. LIVINGSTON.

Lewis, Essex Co., N. Y., Aug. 8, 1856.

CORN FIELDS.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

When on the breath of Autumn breeze,

From pastures dry and brown,

Goes floating like an idle thought,

The fair white thistle down,

O, then what joy to walk at will,

Upon the golden harvest hill.

What joy in dreamy ease to lie

Amid a field new sown,

And see all round on sunlit slopes

The piled up stocks of corn,

And see the fancy wandering o'er,

All pleasant harvest fields of yore!

I feel the day—I see the field,

The quivering of the leaves,

And good old Jacob and his house

Blinding the yellow sheaves;

And at this very hour I seem

To be with Joseph in his dream.

I see the fields of Bethlehem,

And readers many a one—

Bending under their sickles' stroke,

Boas looking on;

And Ruth the Moabitess fair,

Among the gleaners stooping there,

Again I see a little child,

His mother's sole delight,

God's living gift of good unto

The kind, good Shunamite;

To mortal pangs I see him yield,

And the lad bear him from the field.

The sun-bathed quiet of the hills,

The fields of Galilee,

That hundred hundred years ago

Were full of corn, I see,

And the dear Savior take his way

'Mid ripe ears on the Sabbath day.

O, golden fields of bending corn,

How beautiful they seem!

The reaper-folk, the piled up sheaves,

To me are like a dream;

The sunshine and

THE MAINE FARMER: AN



AUGUSTA:
THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 4, 1856.

SHOW AND FAIR OF THE STATE AG. SOCIETY.

We have been watching for the "moving of circumstances" in regard to the Show and Fair of the State Ag. Society, before we called the attention of our brother farmers to it, very strongly. We are happy to say that we can now announce to them that the Portland people have taken hold of the business with a strong and determined hand, and that arrangements are all made and settled upon, so that if we do not have a grand display there, on the 21st of October, it will be the fault of yourselves, Farmers and Mechanics of Maine, and not of them.

Ten thousand dollars have already been pledged by the citizens of Portland, and fifteen thousand probably will be. An excellent lot has been selected and the ground laid out, and the work of preparing commenced in earnest. In addition to this, through their liberality and public spirit, the funds for the premium list have been so increased, that generous premiums in certain departments have been offered by the Trustees, in addition to those already offered, for which see the advertisement in our advertising columns.

Arrangements have been made with the principal Railroads, and will be made with all of them, so that people going to and from the Fair and carrying stock and articles for exhibition, will be satisfied in this respect. Covered stalls for horses and stock will be provided, and tents for refreshments and other conveniences will be erected. An excellent half mile trotting course graded, grounds for hauling and exhibiting strength and training of oxen and steers, and abundance of water and forage will be provided.

In the city, spacious halls are engaged for the arrangement of the implements, dairy products, field crops, horticultural, pomological, and floral specimens, and in short for everything that you may bring as evidence of your industry and skill in your particular business and occupation.

Now, good people of Maine let us rouse up and do what has never yet been done among us, viz: give tangible evidence of our industrial skill and resources collected on one show ground. If you would do this, as you now with very little trouble can do, next October, you will yourselves be both pleased and astonished at the results.

Up and doing in the good cause; let us have a condensed view of what Maine can and does produce in the various departments of productive life. Bring on your choice specimens of horses, oxen, cows, sheep, swine and poultry, —of crops from the field, vegetables and fruits from the garden—fabrics from the manufacture, and the like side, and improvements and handiwork from the work-shops.

Everything bids fair, now, to give encouragement if you will only encourage yourselves. The preparations making at Portland, will be ample for your accommodation. The railroads and steamboats will give you easy facilities of transportation, and the State has appropriated funds from its treasury to aid in the payment of premiums. Can you ask for anything more? Can anything more be done for the cause? —anything more to aid you in self-improvement, and promote active progress in practical knowledge, and social elevation?

If so, what is it? Come one, come all, and commence together on subjects pertaining to the welfare of the best and most vital interests of the community, viz: the productive arts of life, and the best mode of sustaining and increasing them, and their benefits. Come, if nothing more than to compare your products with those from other sections of the State; for in that, knowledge will be attained, and with knowledge your power increased; and power rightly administered in your own individual affairs, as well as in those of the State, will give plenty, prosperity, and consequent temporal comfort and happiness.

FIRE IN LIVERMORE. A correspondent in Livermore informs us that the house, barn and outbuildings, belonging to Mr. W. J. Kilbrey, of that town, were entirely destroyed by fire, on Tuesday of last week. With the exception of two beds and some small articles, all his furniture, clothing, and provisions were consumed. Also all his hay and grain, farming tools, two harnesses, wagon, and a horse worth \$250. The entire loss is not less than \$3000. There was no insurance, the old policy having expired four days before the fire, and the buildings being under process of repair, and not quite completed, a new policy could not be effected.

SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF MAINE. A large delegation of sons and daughters of the Pine Tree State, from Chelsea, Mass., visited Portland on Thursday last. Assembling at the Grand Trunk Depot, the visitors marched through the principal streets to Dearing Hall, where they were received by the City government and the Mechanics' Association, and welcomed to the city by the Mayor. In the afternoon, a large number of the guests, and many citizens, went on an excursion among the beautiful islands of Casco Bay. From the accounts of the Portland papers, we should infer that they had a very pleasant visit.

KEN. CO. AG. SOCIETY. The semi-annual meeting of the Kennebec Co. Ag. Soc. was held at Town Hall in Winthrop on Monday last. A vacancy having occurred in the board of Trustees, by the resignation of H. M. Eaton, H. Noble Hunt was chosen to supply his place.

The Society directed the Trustees to take a lease of 15 acres of land belonging to J. S. Hains, for the next ten years, to erect a fence around the same, and such other fixtures as needed. The Show and Fair of this Society will therefore be held at Readfield Corner for the next ten years.

ANOTHER ACTIVE OLD LADY. A correspondent informs us that "Mrs. Jemima Lane, widow of the late Dr. Gideon Lane, of Leedes, eighty-six years of age, has, during the past summer, spun eight skeins of fine, even yarn, a day, to the amount of about 100, averaging eight to a pound. The old lady regrets that she has not 15 pounds more to spin, and a web of cloth to weave. She walks a mile to church, every pleasant Sabbath, in preference to riding. I think we must set her down as emphatically a smart old lady."

UPHOLSTERING. Mr. Cyrus Hackett has opened an upholsterer's shop, on Water St., nearly opposite the foot of Oak St. Any of our citizens having work to be done in his line, will do well to call on him.

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

SHOWS AND FAIRS IN MAINE. Our annual State election occurs on Monday next. As our readers naturally feel an interest in this matter, we present them with a list of the Gubernatorial and Congressional candidates of the different political parties. The county nominations for Kennebec have already been published, and our space will not admit of publishing the list of candidates in other counties. Mr. Issacbar Lane, nominated by the Republicans for Senator from this county, has declined, and a meeting was called at Wayne to nominate another candidate, Nathaniel Graves, of Vienna, was nominated in place of Mr. Lane.

The following are the candidates for Governor and Representatives to Congress:—

For Governor—Hannibal Hamlin, Repub.; Samuel Wells, Dem.; Geo. F. Patten, Whig; Representatives to Congress—(Republican)—Dist. 1, John M. Wood; 2d Dist., Chas. J. Gilman; 3d Dist., Nehemiah Abbott; 4th Dist., Freeman H. Morse; 5th Dist., Israel Washburn, Jr.; 6th Dist.; Stephen C. Foster.

(Whig and Democratic)—1st Dist., Josiah S. Little; 2d Dist., Eben F. Pillsbury; 3d Dist., Henry Ingalls; 4th Dist., David Bronson; 5th Dist., Abraham Sanborn; 6th Dist., Aroostook.

The above table is as full as we can make it from the data in our possession. Will the Secretaries of the Societies, whose time and place of show are omitted above, oblige us by forwarding the necessary information to complete the list?

GATHERED NEWS FRAGMENTS, &c.

Brick Makers' Convention. A convention of brick manufacturers was held in New York last Tuesday. An organization was formed to insure uniformity of price in bricks. The brickmakers interested in this movement include manufacturers adjacent to New York and in towns on the Hudson River. It was stated in the course of the meeting that brick were now selling at \$4 a hundred, which was less than the actual cost of manufacture, and that 60,000,000 of brick were now lying idle in the arches of brickmakers who deal with New York.

An Immense Casting. The Richmond Whig of the 14th gives an account of the casting of a monster propeller for the new steam frigate Colorado. The operation occupied but one minute and twenty-five seconds, and was completely successful. The weight of the propeller, when finished, will be about 25,000 lbs. The weight of the copper, zinc, and tin used in the casting is 27,562 lbs. These propellers are the largest castings of any metal, other than iron, ever made in this country.

Elections are held this week in Vermont, Sept. 2, and California, Sept. 4. With the exception of the election in this State, on the 8th, no other State elections are held until Oct. 6.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE. The September number of this work is before us. It is a valuable and interesting issue of this excellent publication. The opening article, "On the Application of Photography to Printing," is a synopsis of a new work on human physiology, just published by the Messrs. Harper, and is embellished with twenty-four engravings. Porte Crayon furnishes one of his inimitable illustrated articles on the Dismal Swamp, which will be read with much interest. The other illustrated articles are "Story of James P. Beckworth," "Passages of Eastern Travel," and the continuation of "Little Dorrit." There are several tales and sketches, the monthly record of current events—one of the peculiar features of this work—illustrated fashions, and a couple of pages of "advertisements illustrated," which will provoke a smile from the gravest. There are now published, monthly, 168,000 copies of this magazine, which fact shows how great is its popularity among the American people.

HARPER'S STORY BOOKS. issued by the same firm, are among the best works for youth ever published. We shall take occasion to speak at length of them next week.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. The table of contents of the August No. comprises the following articles: "Macaulay," "The Sketch-Paper," "The Athelings, or, the Three Gifts," "Part III.; "A Visit to Selborne," "Sea-Side Studies;" "Tickler among the Thieves;" "Ayon's Bothwell;" and "India under Lord Dalhousie." This reprint is issued by L. Scott & Co., 79 Fulton St., New York, at \$3 per annum.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE. A very good number is the one for the present month. The contributions and selections are of a high order of merit, and the engravings, twenty-three in number, are well executed. Published by Carlton & Porter, New York, at \$2 per annum.

FISHERIES AT LUBEC. We learn from an exchange that the business of packing herring is carried on extensively at Lubec, in this State. Not far from 500,000 boxes are annually put up for market, and those engaged in the business are said to be growing wealthy. And lately, it seems the inhabitants have been venturing a trial of the whale fishery. Witness the following, which we clip from the Boston Journal:—

Riding Across the Ohio River in a Buggy. The Cincinnati Columbian says that the Ohio river is so reduced by the drought that on Saturday, 23d ult., Mr. Patterson, of Adams' Express, and one or two other gentlemen, rode entirely across the channel in a buggy! The point of crossing was near Louisville, a short distance below the Falls.

Japanese Curiosities. Mr. Leonard Neilson of Montgomery county, Md., who was on the Japan expedition, returned home recently in the U. S. frigate Macedonia, bringing with him two beautiful mouse deer, from the island of Java. They are great curiosities.

Distressing. A young lady, at present a pupil in one of the literary institutions of Richmond, has received the distressing intelligence that among those who perished in the terrible calamity at Last Island, were her father, brother, uncle, aunt and two cousins. Having previously been deprived of her mother, by death, her lonely situation must now excite the deepest sympathy.

Death in Brunswick. Mr. Grover, one of the men who was injured while blowing rocks in Brunswick some weeks since, died on Sunday, 24th ult., from the effects of lockjaw. He was a great sufferer while confined to his bed.

Condition of the New York Banks. New York, Aug. 25. The weekly bank statement shows the following footings: Loans, \$110,188,000; Specie, \$12,194,000; Circulation, \$8,588,000; Deposits, \$90,127,000; being an increase of \$103,000 in specie, \$3900 in circulation; and a decrease of \$1,218,000 in loans, and \$1,886,000 in deposits.

Narrow Escape. The New Bedford and Taunton train from Boston on Saturday P. M. was suddenly brought to a stand between Readville and Canton, by the engineer seeing a man in advance lying apparently upon the rail. He attempted to stop the train but did not succeed until it had passed the man, who was hopelessly drunk, cutting off his cap close to his head and grazing his hair. The conductor and passengers carried the man to the side of the road, left him in a safe place, broke a bottle of rum he had with him, and went on their way.

Hoe's Presses. It is said that Messrs. Hoe & Co., manufacturers of the celebrated printing machine which bear their name, have sufficient orders to hand to keep them fully employed for the next two years. The London Times and New York Herald have entered into contracts with them for six ten cylinder presses, each valued at \$30,000, amounting in the aggregate to \$180,000.

MEMENTO OF THE REVOLUTION. In making the excavations for the track of the Metropolitan Railroad on the Neck, near Blackstone square, a few days since, the workmen struck upon a flat stone which they removed and found that the post with the flat stone upon it was the identical one to which Gen. Washington tied his horse when he examined the fortifications on the Neck after the British army had evacuated Boston. The other posts in the ground near by, he said, were all rotten and could not be relied upon to stand.

The Grand Trunk Railway. The Toronto correspondent of the New York Tribune, writes thus to that paper under date of 22d inst.:—

"The Grand Trunk Railway is expected to be completed from St. Marys, above Stratford, to the seaboard at Portland on the 1st of October. The Victoria Bridge will require to be completed in order to perfect the line; and the road will require to be extended westward to the Canada frontier. Many persons predict a great change in the travel from Europe to the United States. The Grand Trunk road is now finished on the Thaw, will make her first trip to Portland, and it is possible that, if successful, she will be continued on that route.

"An elderly gentleman who had been interested in looking after the progress of the work in the neighborhood, previously came along and enquiring, little doubtless, declared that the post with the flat stone upon it was the identical one to which Gen. Washington tied his horse when he examined the fortifications on the Neck after the British army had evacuated Boston.

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Large Leaf. Mr. E. K. Richardson, of Readfield, has sent us a leaf pulled from a common bean vine, that is 9 inches long, 8 inches wide, and measures 27 inches around. It is an unusual size for a bean leaf.

Fire at BUCKFIELD. We learn that a fire occurred at Buckfield village on Tuesday night, by which a worthy and industrious clergyman lost almost his entire property. Rev. A. K. P. Small had just completed a large two story wooden house, and had on the Friday before removed his family into it. On Monday night, Mr. W. thinks him hard to beat.

Another Active Old Lady. A correspondent informs us that "Mrs. Jemima Lane, widow of the late Dr. Gideon Lane, of Leedes, eighty-six years of age, has, during the past summer, spun eight skeins of fine, even yarn, a day, to the amount of about 100, averaging eight to a pound. The old lady regrets that she has not 15 pounds more to spin, and a web of cloth to weave. She walks a mile to church, every pleasant Sabbath, in preference to riding. I think we must set her down as emphatically a smart old lady."

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AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

WASHINGTON ITEMS.

THE GREAT SOUTHERN STORM—THE STEAMSHIP NAUTILUS CERTAINLY LOST. New York, Aug. 25th. The New Orleans Crescent of the 19th says it is now a settled conviction that the steamer Nautilus, and all on board, except the steward, perished in the disastrous storm of the 10th and 11th instant. Among the passengers were the Nautilus, belonging to New Orleans; Rev. Jerome Twissell, Mr. N. P. Perlet, merchant; Capt. Wm. Muir, U. S. Inspector of boilers; Andy Mayhew, police officer. There were, in all, 30 passengers on board.

The great storm on the Gulf coast of Louisiana, has damaged the sugar cane and the corn in the Atakapa region. At Franklin the roof was blown from the Old Fellow's Hall.

The Planter's Banner says: The cane and corn crop is almost totally ruined. We have been told that on many plantations the cane has been twisted off and blown down and the stalks broken. The dragonets interfered with the storm yet not yet had, but as far as we can obtain information, the loss to the citizens of our parish cannot be less than half a million dollars. In addition to the destruction of sugar houses, we have been told that along the whole extent of the bayou, there is scarcely a sugar house standing.

From information obtained from the steward of the steamer Nautilus, who has recovered, it is supposed that all who were on that ill-fated vessel must be looked upon as lost. There were 19 cabin passengers.

Several of the persons supposed to have been lost on Last Island, have been picked up. Six of the pirates who robbed the dead bodies there, have been arrested, and a large amount of money and jewelry recovered.

YELLOW FEVER SPREADING ON LONG ISLAND. New York, Aug. 23. Yellow fever is spreading at Fort Hamilton, L. I. Last evening there were six new cases, making five now existing. On Monday there were two deaths, and one on Tuesday. Hitherto the sickness has been confined to the families of the wealthy people, but it has now appeared among the poor population at Irishtown, where it is very fatal. Nurses are not to be had, \$100 per day having been offered.

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WASHINGTON. Aug. 25. (Correspondence of the New York Herald.) The feeling of the Senate now is to sit the session through till next March, unless the Army bill is passed. An effort will be made to take up the regular order of business, notwithstanding they agreed in caucus to do nothing until the Army bill was disposed of. There was a majority in favor of this point. Gen. Cass had a prolonged interview this morning with Secretary Davis, who urged that there should be no adjournment until supplies were voted.

(Correspondence of Courier and Enquirer.) The Committee of Ways and Means this morning decided, by a vote of 5 to 3, to report no new Army bill. Mr. Campbell, the chairman, proposed appointing five commissioners to settle the difficulties. The proposition was voted down.

The Democratic intended to move instructions in the House, to the Committee of Ways and Means, to report an Army bill without provisions.

Moors, Douglas and Toombs, in the Senate, and Mr. Cable in the House, with the anti-Buchanan faction, are anxious for an immediate adjournment; but the Buchanan leaders in both houses are eager for some compromise. Senators Jones and Bigler desire to repeal the worst of the Kansas spurious laws, and that motion will be made to-morrow.

(Washington Correspondence of the Evening Post.) Mr. Arny the Agent of the Free State men in Kansas, who came here to bespeak Executive interference for protection against Buchanan's men, and the border ruffians, was not able to see the President, and referred him to Mr. Webster. Mr. Webster, who was then engaged in negotiations with the Free State settlers, was not able to have a conference with him.

It is reported that four companies of U. S. troops are near Leavenworth, and are to be sent to the frontier to protect the Free State men.

(Correspondence of Commercial Advertiser.) The Free State men, who are stationed in the vicinity of Leavenworth, are to be sent to the frontier to protect the Free State men.

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THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

The Bluse.

SOUTHEY'S
"FAMOUS VICTORY."

CONNECTED TO THE PRESENT TIME.

It was a summer evening.

Old Caspar's work was done,

And he before his cottage door

Was sitting in the sun;

And by him sported on the green

His little grandchild Katerina.

She saw her brother Peterkin,

Roll something large and round

Which he, beside the rivulet,

In playing there, had found;

He came to ask what he had found,

That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Caspar took it from the boy,

Who stood expectant,

And then the old man shook his head,

And with a natural sigh,

"Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,

"Who fell in the great victory."

"I find them in the garden,

For there's many hereabout;

And often when I go to plough,

The ploughshares turn them out;

For many thousand men," said he,

"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'was all about,"

Young Peterkin he cries;

And little Katerina looks up

With wonder-waiting eyes:

"Now tell us all about the war,

And what they killed each other for."

"The French and English," Caspar cried,

"The Russians put to rout;

But what they killed each other for,

I could not well make out.

At Alums, and in this valley,

They gained a glorious victory.

"My brother lived at Inkermann—

You little stream hard by;

They burn his dwelling to the ground,

And he was forced to fly;

So with his wife and child he fled,

And had he where to rest his head.

"With few'd enter Sebastianopol

Was wasted far and wide;

And many thousand Russians there

In hopeless anguish died;

But things like that, you know, must be

At every famous victory."

"They say it was a shocking sight,

After the town was won;

For many thousand Russians there

Lay rotting in the sun;

But things like that, you know, must be

At every glorious victory.

"Great praise the French and English won,

The Turks and brave Sardine—"

"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"

Said little Katerina.

"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,

"It was a famous victory,

"And everybody praised th' Allies

Who that strongbold did win."

"But what good came of it at last?"

Quoth little Peterkin.

"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,

"But 'twas a glorious victory," said he,

"The Story-Teller.

From Dickens' Household Words.

GOLD HUNTING. PART THE FIRST.

Whither away, young man;

Whither away!

To the land where gold doth grow,

There with sack and pack we go,

Where men revel, smoke, and fight;

Where they swelter in the sun,

Where they sleep, their delving done,

On bags of gold. Good night!

And it was no doubt with this settled purpose in his mind, that, on George completing the term for which he was articled, he took a wider view for him, and one more suitable to the future husband of Ellen. He sent him to London, and entered him at Lincoln's Inn, as a student for the bar. He was the more readily induced to do this from the zealous praises of his old master, who declared that his talents were of too high an order to be wasted in the obscurity of an attorney's office, and would certainly do honor to his native country if introduced to a nobler field of exercise.

George had not only eaten his commons; but had studied hard under an eminent counsel for more than two years. When he paid his annual autumnal visit, he was observed to be as gay and agreeable as ever, and wonderfully improved by the more extended area of society, and opportunities for amassing knowledge, both of books and life, which he had enjoyed. A finer or more intelligent young man it was declared, even by the most aristocratic people in the neighbourhood, was not to be found in the north. This was all very gratifying both to Mr. Mowbray and to his daughter. The union of the families, so long allied in friendship, was now considered a settled thing. All around them looked bright and calm.

Yet there sprang up, slightly at first, a spirit of uneasiness. During the last visit of George, Ellen thought she perceived a falling off of George's attachment; not to her, but to the ancient usages and faith of their ancient church. There was a ton in his observations when she ventured to question him on the subject which jarred painfully, though confusedly on her feelings, and the further she pressed the subject, the more her anxiety and alarm grew. She, as her family had ever been, and as her father was now, was most devotedly and conscientiously attached to the established church. This was all very gratifying both to Mr. Mowbray and to his daughter. The union of the families, so long allied in friendship, was now considered a settled thing. All around them looked bright and calm.

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He was met with an exclamation of surprise by an old acquaintance. It was Adam Swinburne, who had passed his apprenticeship as a surgeon in Newcastle, and was here as the ship's doctor.

"George! Widdrington! and below there?"

What, in the name of all wonders, is the meaning of this?" was the young man's exclamation.

George took him by the arm, and leading him forward, explained so much of the mystery as that he had suddenly resolved on a trip to the gold-fields, and as it, of course, had been done without the knowledge of his friends, he had from necessity taken an intermediate birth. He begged Adam Swinburne to keep his confidence as to who he was, and hoped there were no other people from the north in the cabin, he had forsworn looking-glasses forever.

As soon as Adam could be left alone, George set out to try his luck at digging.

The scene that met his eye as he drew near to the Forest Creek was strange enough.

Twenty thousand people, at least, were all sculling together like ants in an ant's nest, or tadpoles in a pool. The whole valley through which ran the creek or brook, for several miles was in the act of being turned upside down. Close as the crowd could press upon each other so as to have the prescribed number of feet to each party, they were digging, delving, throwing up earth, carrying away bags of it supposed to contain the gold, to the creek, and there delivering it to other crowds who at a long line of cradles, were as great a bustle, thronging in the earth, rocking it to and fro under deluge of water from tin dippers. There was an incessant noise of rattling cradles and shooting voices. Strange figures all yellow with clay, and disguised in bushy beards, and veils to keep off the flies, seemed too desperately busy to have time to breathe. It was all one agitated scene of elbowing, swearing, barking, and shovelling. Not a tree was left standing over the whole green space, and the sun flamed down on unsheltered heap and hole of gravel, with a burning, sweltering force.

George wandered along in astonishment and despair. Where was any one who had not the qualities of Sam Slick's Kentuckian, half-horse and half-alligator, to set in amongst that rude and confused crew?

George was in the act of sending

Ellen Mowbray enlivened the little farm-house. The Widdringtons had two sons; the eldest, Andrew, a sober, plain young man, whose ideas never overran the farm on which they lived, and on which he was an indefatigable plodder; and the younger, George, a quick, ardent, and impetuous character. He had an especial passion for anything belonging to country life, and may be said to owe this in a great degree, to Mr. Mowbray. As a lad, he had often engaged him to carry his fishing-basket and landing-net on his angling expeditions up the Coquet; the prince of Northumbrian streams. By this means he seemed to have become indispensable on such occasions to the old gentleman. His active character; his readiness to run on all occasions, to assist in all difficulties, and his fondness for the sport, had completely won the old gentleman's heart. Many a delightful summer's day they spent together amongst the falls and moors of that picturesque and singularly solitary region; by Brinkburn priory; the quaint, grey, old village of Rothbury; amongst the heathery Siminosis Hills; by the ruins of Harbottle, and its lonely, gloomy tarn, which no traveller ever passed without awe; and away past the roaring chasm of the Linn Brig, up to its wild source in the perfectly silent hills. On many of these occasions Ellen Mowbray as a little girl had accompanied them, and the remembrance of the deeply brooding silence of the summer's day by the Halystanton Wall, or in the heathery wastes of Barra Burn, only broken by the wild cry of the curlew, the rushing sound of the upspringing black game, or the sight of the stately heron watching by the stream for its prey, came frequently across her in the hours of town study. Was it any wonder if the image of their boy-companion, George Widdrington, came also amongst all these pleasant pictures not the less pleasant? Especially as at the later holidays time they had rambled together through all the neighboring haunts of the dale, and the dwellings of men in it, yet seemed to sleep. The house slept, as it were, with all its inhabitants, for it was an hour when even the early dwellers in the country were not yet astir.

As the young man stood there for a moment, years of bright summers passed over his heart. All that was happy and beautiful, and tender, came up as from a sacred fountain in his soul. The spirit of the past, with all its heavenly sweetness and affection well nigh conquered him. He cast one quick look into the future, where all his household gods lay shattered around him, and the dreary solitude of it appalled him. He paused—almost yielded; but some new idea shot across him, and he bounded down the slope and disappeared, pursued by the trenchant thought that perhaps he should never see the beloved one he thus left, any more.

We shall not dwell on the gloomy period of affliction to all parties which followed. George reflected in consternation and the deepest wretchedness in his chambers, on his position and prospects. His brilliant hopes were suddenly destroyed. To pursue his legal career was impossible. True, he could procure an engagement in a lawyer's office, but his proud spirit revolted at the retrograde movement; and in the depth of his dejection, a new vision suddenly presented itself. The wonderful tidings of the gold fields of Australia had just burst on the wonder of the town-growth of singers.

What's the ladies of the hall?

Says the Lunkin:

They're up in the chambers,

Says Beware of Long Lankin

That lies in the moss.

The Lord said to his ladie,

As he rode away,

Says Beware of Long Lankin

That lies in the clay.

What care I for Lankin,

Or any of his gang?

My doors are all shut

And barred with a stang.

There were six little windows

And they were all shut,

But one little window,

And that was forgot.

And at that little window

Long Lankin crept in.

"That's a Northumbrian!" exclaimed George. "Ay, that it is," said Adam Swinburne. "It is no other than Tom Boyd, a shepherd of Toad-stead; and what do you think? That he is bound for the diggings? No; but to wander after a flock in the fur bush."

"I wish him joy," said George.

"And he'll have it," said Adam, "for he has a lot of old books, that he has picked up in stalls in London, with a lot of old ballads and legends in his head, and he actually revels in the idea of years of uninterrupted solitude. But hark!" Tom Boyd was still humming to the wonder of the town-growth of singers.

As George spent his brief snatches of holiday at home, he continued to pass a good portion of these bright days at Kidland Grange, and to manifest all his ancient predilection for his fair playfellow. As they both grew—the one into a tall handsome and active young man; the other into one of the most graceful and beautiful maidens that ever bloomed on the Border—the same unclouded frankness of intercourse still prevailed, as if they were indeed brother and sister. Worldly-wise people saw it, and asked what the wealthy Mr. Mowbray meant by giving this unobstructed opportunity to the son of the poor farmer Widdrington, to engross the affections of a daughter whose beauty and fortune might claim for her the noble hand in the country! Mr. Mowbray saw it just as clearly as they did, and felt that he would rather call his favorite George Widdrington his son-in-law, than any man he knew, or expected to know.

And it was no doubt with this settled purpose in his mind, that, on George completing the term for which he was articled, he took a wider view for him, and one more suitable to the future husband of Ellen. He sent him to London, and entered him at Lincoln's Inn, as a student for the bar. He was the more readily induced to do this from the zealous praises of his old master, who declared that his talents were of too high an order to be wasted in the obscurity of an attorney's office, and would certainly do honor to his native country if introduced to a nobler field of exercise.

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